ALBIONS TRIVMPH.

PERSONATED IN A Maske at Court.

By the Kings Maieſtie and his Lords.

The Sunday after Twelfe Night. 1631.

LONDON,

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ALBION'S

TRIUMPH.

ALBIONS TRIVMPH.

THe King and Queenes Maiesty having signified their pleasure to haue a new Maske this New yeare, Master *Inigo Iones* and I were employed in the Invention And we agreed the subiect of it should be a Triumphe in *ALBIPOLIS* the chiefe City of *ALBION*. The Triumpher, *ALBANACTVS*, And *ALBA* this Ilands Goddesse. Names not improper, eyther for the Place, or for the Persons: *ALBION* being (as it once was) taken for *England*; *ALBANACTVS*, for the King, *Quasi in Albania natus*: *Borne in Scotland*. And *ALBA*, for the Queene whose native Beauties have a great affinity with all Purity and Whitenesse. The Kings

devoting himselfe to this Goddesse, is but the seeking of that happy Vnion which was preordeyned by the greatest of the Gods. *IOVE* therefore sends downe *MERCVRY* to *ALBA*, to acquaint her that he had decreed a Tryumph, which (a farre of) she might behold: Concealing his further Councells, vntill *ALBANACTVS* were subdued to Love and Chastity, by *CVPID* and *DIANA*, who descend, and having conquerd the Conquerer, They shew him the Queene. The King, yeilds, And presents himselfe a Suppliant, to the Goddesse *ALBA*. She embraces him, And makes him Copartner of her Deity.

The Description of the SCENE.

The first thing that presented it selfe to the eye, was the Ornament that went about the Scene: in the middest of which, was placed a great Armes of the Kings, with Angels holding an Emperiall Crowne, from which hung a Drapery, of crimson Velvet, fringed with gold, tackt in severall knotts; that on each side, with many folds, was wound about a Pillaster; in the

freeze,

freeze, were festones of severall fruites in their naturall colours, on which, in gratious postures lay Children sleeping; at each end was a double sheild, with a Gorgons head, and at the foot of the pillasters, on each side, stood two Women, the one young, in a watchet Robe looking vpwards, and on her head, a paire of Compasses of gold, the poynts standing towards Heaven: the other more ancient, and of a venerable aspect, apparreled in tawney, looking downewards; in the one hand a long ruler, and in the other, a great paire of iron Compasses, one poynt whereof, stood on the ground, and the other touched part of the ruler. Above their heads, were fixt, compertiments of a new composition, and in that over the first, was written *Theorica*, and over the second *Practica*, shewing that by these two, all works of Architecture, and Ingining have their perfection. The Curtaine being suddenly drawne vp, the first Sceane appeared, which represented a *Romane Atrium*, with high Collombs of white Marble, and ornaments of Architecture of a composed maner of great proiecture, enricht with carving, and betweene every retorne of these Collombs, stood Statues of gold on round pedestalls, and beyond these, were other peeces of Architecture of a Pallace royall.

Over all was a ſerene skie, out of which a cloude began to breake foorth, and as it diſcended, a perſon was diſcovered, ſitting in it, which by his Petaſus and Caduceus, was knowne to be *Mercury*, the meſſenger of *Iove*.

The firſt Song.

Behold! I come not from above,
To hyde, or hunt out wanton Love,
Or doe what Man can doe:
But to ſpred all my nimble wings,
And like a God, doe Goalike things
Gratefull, and Gratious too.
Obſerue! But ſee ye be not nyce,
Prepare to give, and take advice,
As wiſe-Men ought to doe:
Leſt when your ſubtile witts haue done,
Your Notes, like Motes, thought in the Sunne
Proove farre beneath vs too.
Admyre! but cenſure not their Powers,
That ſinke not with Times ſandy howres,
As mortall Creatures doe.
And ſince the Shaft that is adreſt,
At Heaven may hurt the Shooters breaſt,
Be pleas'a and pleaſe vs too.

Orpheus,

Orpheus, Amphion, Arion and three old Poets and Musicians more, rayled by his Charming Rod, reply from Earth.

The first Chorus.

Happy, thrice happy is that houre
Wherein a God descends,
Eyther in person, or in powre
And Mans poore state befriends.

MERCVRY descend to Earth, and attended by *Orpheus*, and the rest walkes vp, and drawing neere the person of the Goddesse *ALBA*, to a soft sweete Musicke that playes behind him. *In voce Recitativa*, he declares the substance of his Commission.

The second Song.

Olimpian IOVE to the bright ALBA sends
No vulgar God to beare his deare Commends.
And with pure eyes, and a paternall hand,
This Vniverse having survey'd, and span'd,
In Councell with himselfe, he hath decreed,
From fayre ALBIPOLIS shall soone proceede

A Triumph: Mighty, as the Man design'd
To weare those Bayes; Heroicke, as his mind;
Iust, as his actions; Glorious, as his Reigne.
And like his Vertues, Infinite in Treyne.
Th' Immortall Swannes, contending for his Name,
Shall beare it singing, to the House of Fame.
And though at distance yet High IOVE is plea'd
Your laboring eyes shall with his sight be eas'd.
This from a God, vnto a Goddesse sent,
A God Relates, that could vse Complement:
But when such States, negotiate by such meanes
We speake in Acts, and scorne words trifling Scenes.

Having delivered his Embassage *MERCVRY* gently retiring, *Orpheus* and his Poetick Quire Inspir'd with Divination sing.

The second Chorus.

Ye Powers Divine make rome, prepare a Seate
On the Northside, for ALBANACT the Great;
Earth is not fruitlesse: nor your nombers full,
Ther's One to come will make some Starrs looke dull.

Arrived at the Scene againe and meaning to reascend, *MERCVRY* finding some impedi-

ment

ment by the way of queſtion adreſſes himſelfe to the Company.

The third Song.

MERCVRY.

What mak's me ſo vnnimbly ryſe,
That did deſcend ſo fleete?
There is no vp-hill in the skyes;
Clouds ſtay not feathered feete.

CHORVS.

Thy wings are ſing'd: and thou canſt fly
But ſlowly now, ſwift MERCVRY.

MERCVRY.

Some Lady heere, is ſure too blame
That from Loves ſtarry skyes,
Hath ſhot ſome Beame, or ſent ſome flame,
Like Lightning, from her Eyes.

CHORVS.

Taxe not the Starrs, with what the Sunne,
Too neere aproch't (inſens't) hath done.

MERCVRY.

I'le rowle me in Auroras Dew,
Or lye in Lethis bed;
Or from coole Iris begge a few,
Faire Opale ſhewrs new ſhed.

CHORVS.

Nor Dew, nor ſhewers, nor ſea can ſlake
Thy quencheleſſe heate, but Lethes lake.

When MERCVRY is Re-aſſum'd into Heaven in Pompe. Here the Scene is changed into the Forum of the City of *Albipolis*, and *Albanactus* triumphing, attended like a Roman Emperor is ſeene a farre off to paſſe in pomp.

The Scene is turned into an Amphitheater, with people ſitting in it, a Patritian and a Plebeian come forth, &c.

Enter Platonicus and *Publius.*

Pub. Though I have earn'd it with the ſweat of my browes in Ianuary, yet I am glad I ſaw it, for there never was ſuch a ſight ſeene.

Pla. What ſight *Publius?*

Pub. The Triumph.

Pla. Whoſe Tryumph?

Pub. The Triumph of *ALBANACTVS.*

Pla. Didſt thou ſee it?

Pub See it, yes, and feele it too. Every one there (I can aſſure you) went not vpon his owne feete.

Pla. No, I thinke, ſome rid.

Pub. They did ſo, for ſome rid me. Some trode on my toes. Some cryed, ſome kept it in; for my part, I confeſt all, for feare I ſhould have beene preſt to death.

Pla.

Pla. Though thy body was pincht, thine eyes were feasted.

Pub. Were not yours so too?

Pla. Yes.

Pub. Where stood you?

Pla. I stood not,

Pub. You had the better friends sir, I pray where sate you?

Pla. In my studdy.

Pub. Is not your studdy backward? with a shop-light in it, where one can see nothing but the skye?

Pla. I confesse it, what of that?

Pub. Why then you saw no Triumph.

Pla. But I did, and a true one, thine was but a shew.

Pub. If what I saw was but a shew, what you saw was but a shadow, or at the most a Vision. For it seemes your body kept home, though your spirit walkt.

Pla. It did so. And travelled to better purpose then most men doe, that goe, and see, and say, but know nothing.

Pub. To confute that Heresie of yours, I have gone, and seene, and know, but I will say nothing.

Pla. That's impossible; The meate thou hast lately fed vpon, is so windy, out it must, thou wilt burst else.

Pub. Faith sir, I am very full indeede.

Pla. Purge then, and tell thy Doctor all.

Pub. ALBANACTVS CÆSAR from his sumptuous Pallace, through the high-streets of ALBIPOLIS rid Triumphing, on a Chariot, made ---

Pla. Of wood, perhaps guilt, perhaps gold. But I will save you all those charges, if you will goe on to the Persons, and let the Pagents alone.

Pub. Sir I saw him not as he was borne, naked, but since you affect such brevity, I saw the King and a great deale more, and so I turn'd my backe, and went away.

Pla. Nay good *Publius*, now thou art too briefe.

Pub. When you beginne to tell your dreames, I'le not iogge you, till you wake of your ſelfe.

Pla. Nay prethee be not angry.

Pub. I am not angry, but a little ſhort-winded vpon occaſion. Yet to give you ſome ſatisfaction becauſe you have done me wrong. Before CÆSAR March't Captive Kings, with their hands bound. And Ladies, with their Armes acroſſe, furious wild Beaſts, great Giants, and little Dwarfes with Lictors, and Pictors, and a number of Prieſts that were as you would have them, In their ſhirts. Theſe with certaine Princes that were behind him: made vp a Triumph too great to come out of any mortall mans mouth.

Pla. That's moſt certaine.

Pub. I meane in words. But as you hunt me you would hunt a Hare off her leggs.

Pla. I confeſſe thou haſt made more haſte, then good ſpeede: But for a ſupplement to thy lame Story, Know, I have ſeene this brave ALBANACTVS CÆSAR, ſeene him with the eyes of vnderſtanding, vew'd all his Actions; look't into his Mind: which I finde armed with ſo many morall vertues that he dayly Conquers a world of Vices, which are wild Beaſts indeede.

For example Ambition, is a Lyon; Cruelty, a Beare; Avarice, a Wolfe. Yet He ſubdues them all. To be ſhort, no Vyce is ſo ſmall, to ſcape him: Nor ſo great, but he overcomes it: And in that faſhion he Triumphes over all the Kings, and Queenes that went before him. All his Paſſions, are his true Subiects: And Knowledge, Iudgment, Merit, Bounty and the like, are fit Commanders, for ſuch a Generall, Theſe Triumph with him, And theſe are the Princes you ſaw about him. And this *Publius*, is more then you can finde in the ſtreete.

Pub.

Pub. I graunt it, But yet graunt me one Requeſt deare *Platonicus?*

Pla. What's that?

Pub. Goe but with me to the Amphitheater.

Pla. To Gaze.

Pub. Yes.

Pla. Why beforehand I know there will be *Gladiators*, *Saltators*, and fights to pleaſe the People. Wert not thou better ſtay here, and ſee CÆSAR preſent himſelfe to this fayre Goddeſſe, ſeeking ſweete reſt, after all his labors.

Pub. I ſhould ſleepe at ſuch a ſight.

Pla. Then after a Play, thou art all for a Pryze.

Pub. All together, and ſo (I hope) are you

Pla. At this time, I am. For I will goe with thee, if it be but to teach thee to Reade in thy owne Booke. Outſides, have Inſides, Shells, have Kernells in them. And vnder every Fable, nay (almoſt) vnder every thing, lyes a Morrall. Publius *ſtumbles at a ſtone,* What art thou doing *Publius.* *and ſtoops to take it vp.*

Pub. Lifting vp the ſtone I ſtumbled at.

Pla. To what ende?

Pub. To ſee what lyes vnder it.

Pla. What ſhould lye vnder a ſtone, but a Worme, or a Hogglouſe.

Pub. If there lye not a Morall vnder it, then have you taught me falſe Doctrine.

Pla. Such thankes have they that teach ſuch Sch l-lers. Come away Foole, they beginne to throng to the Theater.

Such kind of paſtimes as Victorious Emperors were wont to preſent as ſpectacles to the People, are heere produced for Anti-Maskes vpon the ſtage.

The Anti-Maskes ſenter.

First, *Fooles*		6
Secondly,	*Saltators* or *Tumblers.*	7
Thirdly,	*Pugili* or *Buffeters*	3
Fourthly,	*Satyrs like Dauncers*	2
Fiftly,	*One Giant, and Pigmies*	5
Sixtly,	*Gladiators* or *Fencers*	4
Seventhly,	*Mimicks* or *Moreſcoes*	7

This Enterlude being paſt, *CVPID* emulating the glory of an Invict Conquerer, deſcends; Invokes *DIANA*: And invites her to ſet upon theſe yet unconquer'd Conquerers. She appeares in her Chariot, and he in a Cloud.

The Deſcription of the Maskers and the Place.

The Scene is changed into a pleaſant Grove of ſtraight Trees, which riſing by degrees to a high place, openeth it ſelfe to diſcover the aſpect of a ſtately Temple; All which, was ſacred to *IOVE*; In this groue, ſatt the Emperour *ALBANACTVS*, attended by fourteene Conſuls, who

who ſtood about him, not ſet in ranks, but in ſeverall gratious poſtures, attending his commands: his habite, like a Romane Emperour in a Curaſe of yellow Sattin embrodered with ſiluer, his gorget clincant, cut round, and on his breaſt an Angels head imboſt of gold, the Labells of the ſleeues, and ſhort Baſes of watchet embrodered with the ſame, the vnder ſleeues, and long ſtockings of white, on his head a Burgonet richly enchaſt with ſiluer, turn'd vp before in a ſerowle, with an artificiall wreath of Lawrell, out of which, ſprang rayes like a piked Crowne, the habite of the Conſuls were after the ſame manner, excepting the rayes of gold, iſſuing from his Lawrell wreath.

The Dialogue betweene Cvpid and Diana.

Cvpid.

Sit not ſecure, nor thinke in eaſe
Still vndiſpleas'd, your ſelues to pleaſe:
Diana, *Chaſt* Diana *ſtoope,*
And helpe to wound this warlike troope.

Diana.

Wants Love a Bowe, or ſhaft of mine?
This ſuit will make my Creſcent ſhine.

Cvpid.

CVPID.

Love is grown wiſe, and meanes to bring
To his ſmart Bowe, a double ſtring.
Behold our Marke? taks't thou not pride
In ſuch a Glory to devide?

DIANA.

I doe, I doe, ſince I am ſure,
When we two ioyne, our flames are pure.

CVPID *and* DIANA.

As pure, and Cleere, as ALBAS *skin,*
As her faire Fame, or thoughts within:
Pure as my ſelf; nay pure like Thee,
Now Love is that which Love ſhould be.

They come vpon the Scene, and the Clowde and Charriot goe vp.

The *Chorus* below ſing.

Bow-bearing Gods, ſhoote, ſhoote, and hit,
And make our CAESAR *greater yet:*
Yet leave him with vs, Let him ſhine
Still heere; And make him all Devine

Cupid and *Diana* shoot at the Maskers, and ALBANACTVS yeilding to the Gods, mooves downe the steps in a stately pace to Musick made by the *Chorus* of Sacrificers, that sing as the Maskers descend.

The fourth Song.

Ye Worthies of this Ile,
That led by your brave Chiefe,
In an Heroick style,
Have over done Beliefe:
Subdu'd by ALBAS *eyes*
Come downe, Loves Sacrifice!

It is no shame to yeild,
Where t'is in veyne to strive:
The Gods would quit the field,
Should they these warres revive
Or Conquerd, by her Eyes,
Come downe Loves Sacrifice.

Streight Cedar, that hast stood,
The shock of many a wind:
The top of this Tall wood,
By a high hand design'd
Subdu'd by ALBAS Eyes,
Come downe Loves Sacrifice!

When the Maskers are all come downe the steps, the High Priests and Sacrificers, treading a

grave Measure walke vp toward the Queene singing.

The fift Song.

Great ALBA though eche Grande heere,
At this High Court of thine,
Like a true Liege Man doth appeere,
And offers at thy Shryne:
It is no Conqueſt for thine Eyes,
When petty-Princes fall,
That are ſome ſingle Beauties pryſe,
Or a lone-Vertues Thrall:
Heere comes the Trophe of thy prayſe,
The Monarch of theſe Iles,
The Mirror of thy Cheerefull Rayes,
And Glory of thy Smyles:
The Vertues and the Graces all,
Muſt meete in one, when ſuch Starrs fall.

The KING *and the Maskers dance the mayne Maske.*

Afterward taking his ſeat by the Queene. The Scene is varied into a Landſcipt, in which was a proſpect of the Kings Pallace of *Whitehall*, and part of the Citie of *London*, ſeene a farre off, and preſently the whole heauen opened,

and

and in a bright cloud were seene sitting fiue persons, representing *Innocency*, *Iustice*, *Religion*, *affection* to the Countrey, & *Concord*, being all Companions of *Peace*, and thus attired. *Innocency*, a woman in a pure white robe, with a garland of flowers on her head: *Iustice*, a woman in a yallow garment richly adorned, her mantle white, and on her head golden rayes, in her right hand a sword, and in the middest thereof an Emperiall Crowne: *Religion*, a woman in a short Surplusse of lawne full gathered about the neck, and vnder it a garment of watchet, with a short vale of siluer, and about her head, beames of gold like the Sunne, and in her left hand, shee held a booke open: *Affection* to the Countrey, a young man in a Coat armour of yallow, with a purple Mantle, his buskins adorned, his plumed Helme of siluer, and in his hand a Garland of long grasse: *Concord*, a man in a skie coloured Robe, and a yallow Mantle; on his head a Garland of wheate, and in his hand a bunch of arrowes tyed together with a white band, these moving towards the earth sing together as followeth. Praysing their Piety, and wishing they may perpetuate themselues by a Royall Posterity, Present them with seuerall Gifts.

The sixth Song sung by the five DEITIES.

Bles't Payre whose prayers like Incence rise,
Opening, and pulling downe the Skies
Take your Reward! Iust as yee mett,
So hand in hand live many a Day,
And may your Vertuous minds beget
Issue that never shall decay,
And so be fruitfull every way.
May Plenty Proteus *like appeare,*
Varying your Pleasures every yeare:
Wee five come freely to impart,
Such favors as we can afforde:
Concord. *One gives his* [a] Hand, *the next his* [b] Heart,
Affection to the Countrey. *The third her* [c] Robe, *the fourth her* [d] Sword,
Inocence. Iustice. *The fifth full many a* [e] Suppliant Word.
Religion. *And to fulfill your future Blisse,*
Sweete Peace *salutes you with a Kisse.*

Then from the vpper part of the heauen, was seene to follow this: Another more beautifull cloud, in which alone triumphant sat *Peace*, a woman in a carnation Robe richly adorned, a vale of silver, and on it a Garland of Olive, and in her hand a branch of Palme, *Proclaiming her large Benefits, And the Worlds Ingratitude.*

Peace Sings alone the
seventh Song.

Frighted by Day; And in the Night diseas'd,
I fled to Heaven, and left the World displeas'd.
Find Men that strive more for a Province there,
Then looking upward to possesse a Sphere:
Yet vanquish't and Victorious, both at last,
Their weary Limmes, on my soft Bed would cast.

The Five in the lower Clowde confessing her great *Bounty*, Answere:

The Five.

Two 2 *Lyons, and Lambs together lye,*
When Lovly Peace stands smiling by

Two 2 *Temples and Townes by thy stay'd hand,*
First learne to Rise, And then to Stand.

All 5 *'Tis not the Laurel Tree that brings,*
Anointing Oyle for sacred Kings:
Those Princes see the happiest Dayes,
Whose Olive Branches stand for Bayes.

When the fiue persons which first descended were come to the earth, the cloud that bare them, was in an instant turned into a richly adorned Throne. And out of the foure corners of the

Scene proceede 4. Gods, *Neptune*, *Plutus*, *Bellona*, and *Cebele*, *complaining of ease and Plenty*

The eighth Song.

Armes are layd by: Earely and late,
The Traueller goes safe to Bed:
Men eate and Drinke in Massie Plate,
And are with Deinties dayly fed.
Why should this Ile abaue the rest,
Be made (great Gods) the Halcions nest?

The 5. Deities thus resolue them.

Imperious Peace her selfe Descends

The foure Gods.

Then here our search, and wonder ends,
Wee'l steale away

Peace.

Earths Rulers, stay!

The foure Gods.

Doth soft Peace call?

Peace.

Yes: and will streight employ yee All.

The foure Gods

How, and wherein?

The 5. in the lower Clowde.

Give eare, your Charge doth now begin.

Peace

Peace gives them their Charge.

Neptune to Sea, And let no Sayle,
Meete ALBIONS *Fleete, But make it veile.*
Bellona *Arme, That Foes may see,*
Their Lillies kept by Lyons be.
Their fruitfull fields (Cebele) *make*
Pay Centuple for all they take.
And let Both Indies (Pluto) *meete,*
And lay their wealth at ALBAS *feete.*

The foure Gods reply

When Peace *commands such pleasing things,*
From Love *and* Time *wee'l steale their wings.*

For a Conclusion, the Gods, Poets, and Priests ioyne, and sing a Valediction to *Hymens Twin* the *MARY-CHARLES.*

The last generall *Chorus.*

Loaden with Wealth and Honor may,
These Gods returne to crowne this Day,
And MARY-CHARLES *whose mindes within,*
And Bodyes make but Hymens Twin,
Long live they so, And Breast, to Breast,
May Angels sing them to their Rest.

Those

Thoſe that will prayſe the ſtructure and changes of the Scene. The ſweeteneſſe and variety of the Muſicke. Or the Beauty of the Figures, and Paces, I thinke may doe it with cauſe enough.

But for the Invention and writing of the Maske, I was as loath to be brought vpon the Stage as an vnhanſom Man is to ſee himſelfe in a great Glaſſe. But my Excuſe, and Glory is, The King commanded, and I obeyed.

AVRELIAN TOVNSHEND.

The *Maskers* Names.

The KING

1 *E. Holland*
2 *E. Newport*
3 *Lo. Doncaſter*
4 *L. Donluce*
5 *L. Wharton*
6 *L. Paget*
7 *L. Bruce*
8 *Sr. Rob. Stanley*
9 *Mr. Goringe.*
10 *Sr Wil: Brooke*
11 *Sr. John Mainard*
12 *Mr. Dimmock*
13 *Mr. Abercromy*
14 *Mr. Murrey*

FINIS.

F1.5.40